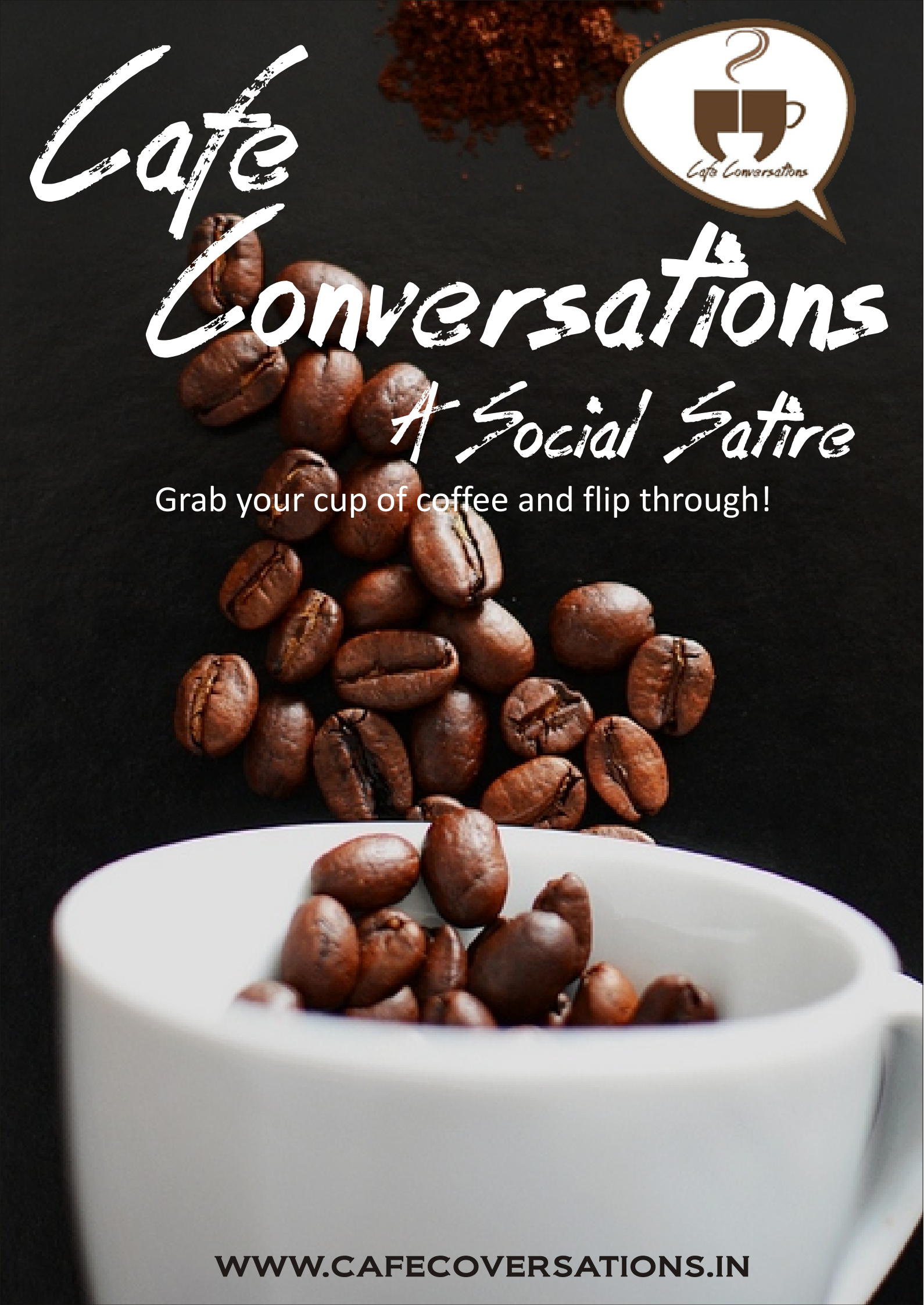

Café
Conversations
A Social Satire
Grab your cup of coffee and flip through!
WWW.CAFECOVERSATIONS.IN

“If asked,
how do you take your coffee?
I reply,
Seriously,
very seriously…”

Visit our website : **http://cafeconversations.in/**
Facebook page : **https://www.facebook.com/cafehangouts**

For feedback, contributions, suggestions, drop us a mail at:
cafeconv@gmail.com

Editor's Note

It's a brand new year 2014, and every New Year brings with it, fresh excitement, fresh dreams, fresh aspirations and fresh surprises. 2013 ended with the grand opening of Café Conversations, which received lots of love and appreciation from readers across the country and enthusiastic bloggers on blogging communities. Within 2 week of launch, we crossed 1500 readership mark and unveiled our Holiday update on Christmas with a brand new cartoon section "Café Studio". The journey has been short so far, but our team has worked very hard with undeterred dedication continuously innovating and planning about future updates.

We extend a very heartfelt thanks to our guest writers Arushi Mathur and Aniruddh Naik, our editors, website designer Deepanshu Khandelwal (Black Spirit Studios), cartoonist Hansjeet Dugal, Dennis Dey for the logo design and Vinayak Gaur who designed this beautiful e-book for us. Also, a special mention to all those who encouraged us to go ahead is a must. Our readers have been very motivating and we received an amazing feedback in a very short period of time.

We have loads of surprises in store for you in the coming days. We plan to take some major leaps very soon. As our first present to our readers and members, we release this e-book in a special flipbook format for an entertaining online read while you sip your coffee. Our e-book is a very heartfelt initiative and an attempt to express our gratitude towards our readers who have given us an amazing response in past few days.

We have compiled some of the most read and talked about conversations from the blog with some unpublished and fresh conversations. But that is not all; you will find cartoons, quotes, a compilation of amazing coffee fun facts and lots more in the few pages ahead.

Team

Apoorva Haritwal (Founder and Chief Editor)

Pursuing Masters in English literature from International College for Girls, Jaipur and is a passionate reader and an enthusiastic writer. It is this creativity overflow that lead to the inception of the idea of Café Conversations.

Pawas Jain (Co-founder)

A student of Chartered Accountancy and a prolific blogger. Previously worked on SpringTide youth magazine is now working on the marketing and branding of Café Conversations.

Deepanshu Khandelwal (Website developer)

A Student of SRM university, Modinagar. Founder of a web development start-up Black Spirit Studios and a technology tabloid Tech Portal. Brimming with ideas, he has developed the website of Café conversations.

Hansjeet Dugal (Cartoonist)

A professional animation designer, is currently working with a publisher IntegralDMS in Jaipur. Has sketched some amazing and satirical doodles in sync with the concept of Café Conversations.

Vinayak Gaur (Graphics Designer)

A Student of SRM University, Vinayak Gaur is a creative graphics and web designer who has brought alive this e-book in its present format. He has worked on the complete layout and designing of this Café Conversations e-book.

Dennis Dey (Designer)

Student of IIT Roorkee, Dennis Dey has given a brand identity to Café Conversations in the form of its official logo, by expressing the basic concept of the Café through a logo.

Arushi Mathur

A student of Institute of Company Secretaries of India, residing in Jaipur.

Aniruddh Naik

A *Mumbaikar* at heart, is an avid explorer of the Idea of India.

CAFÉ **CONVERSATIONS- I**

“….also Dhruv is flying down this weekend we can ask him to join us!” said Zahir excited about the weekend plans. They were planning a small get together for the school friends.

“Well, I am not sure about him… It will get a little awkward when he will talk about his life in London, his university, girls there and how much fun his life is.” said Abhijeet, he envied Dhruv for his ways. “How I wish to be at his place and live his life!”

“Stop Abhi… Don't you start with that again…! It's not all that exciting.” Zahir moved his hand in the air. He didn't want to listen to any of Abhijeet's crap (that's what he considered it to be). He gets back to his laptop searching for old school friends on a social network and suddenly exclaims with his eyes wide open. “Hey Look!!”

“What is it?” questions Abhijeet with a concerned look.

Zahir- “You remember that girl named Fatima from school?”

Abhijeet- “Umm…Fatima…?!? The one who stood 1st in junior annual quiz?”

Zahir - “Yes! Exactly! Look at this…” turns his laptop towards Abhijeet, “She is married!”

Abhijeet exclaims out loud “How is that possible! She was almost 6 years younger. I remember she was my cousin's classmate.”

Zahir- “I don't know. Isn't it too soon to be married?”

“Of course it is!” snaps back Abhijeet, “What were her parents thinking? She was such a bright kid… How can they? Don't they love their daughter?”

“What is the fuss all about young chap?” interrupts K.D. Uncle, the owner of the café.

Zahir- “Just wondering how the society still follows forbidden customs… A 16 year old girl from school got married. Can you believe it Uncle?”

K.D. Uncle- “Well, that's not a new story. Such system still prevails and there are loads of people who are a part of it.”

Abhijeet- “But she was from a well off, modern and educated family. I used to meet her parents many times during school's parent-teacher meetings. It wasn't expected from them.”

K.D. Uncle - “Ahan? That's something to worry about. We all think that only uneducated people and people from the rural areas, poor men corrupt the society but we fall prey to such beliefs... even people from good backgrounds follow stuff like child marriage. You have a live example in front of your eyes.”

“So you mean education is no way to civilize people who pursue the social evils?” asks Zahir in a serious tone.

K.D. Uncle- “I will say, it is a way but it is not the only way. You can say education is not the silver bullet you are looking for to fight this abhorrent custom of child marriage. You have to make people understand that it is inappropriate through co-operation of societies, broader policies and awareness. You can't reach the entire population of thousands of people. But you can certainly contribute your bit.”

Abhijeet lifted up his head and picked a glass of water. He agreed with K.D. Uncle's words. Zahir stared at the picture of Fatima on his screen. How innocent and young she looked with her eyes down… looking at the floor, no smile on her face… with a sigh he closed the screen down.

CAFÉ **CONVERSATIONS- II**

Seema shifted in her seat uncomfortably waiting for her childhood friend Roshni. She had chosen the corner most tables avoiding eye contact with anybody around her. Cafe was usually populated at this time of the day. Sun was setting into the ocean and there was a mad rush on the roads of the city. Impatiently she had texted Roshni enquiring about her whereabouts, only to get an “On my way” in reply.

The cafe door opened again with a creak and Roshni entered, spotting Seema and walking towards her in an instant. She was dressed in her formals as she was coming straight from work. She sat across the table and looked at Seema with prying eyes. Seema looked dull and worn out. Last few years had drained her completely.

“Tell me now, what happened this time?” Roshni asked. Seema looked down with shame and lifted the sleeve of her kurti up to her elbow. The burn mark on her arm was clearly visible and looked deep enough to prove that it was not just a superficial burn.

“What the...” Roshni exclaimed wide-eyed. “Who did that?”

“It was my mother-in law. I was trying to help her while she cooked and a glass of water slipped from my hand while pouring it. She had the hot pliers in her hand and struck me with those.” Seema was close to tears but the strength of her character prevented her from breaking down.

“Why are you even bearing all this?” Roshni said, more out of disgust than pity. She had grown up with Seema and she could not see her in this condition.

“Do I have any other option, Roshni?”

“Don't be melodramatic, for God's sake! You are an engineer; I will help you get a job in my company. You don't have to feel so helpless.”

“Don't talk rubbish. That is my family now, and moreover the pride of my own parents depends on me.”

“Don't give me the lame excuse of that fake pride Seema!”

“You don't understand, Roshni. My family setup has not been like yours. My parents got me married at 22, they don't want me to work and nor can I leave my in-laws and let my parents face the wrath of the society.”

“You are talking like a girl of 18th century. Do you want to continue facing these abnormal atrocities of your in-laws? Do you just want to cry like that?”

“I wish I had an option...” Seema said, her voice dying down. She hid her face with her palms. She did not cry but Roshni was sure she heard a few sobs. Her best friend was in pain, in agony. The coffee ordered by Seema had got cold by now due to its complete ignorance and Roshni had not even cared to place an order.

Roshni placed her hand on Seema's shoulder.

“I am with you Seema. Let us file for a divorce and report this to police.”

Seema looked up in an instant straight into Roshni's eyes. “Don't even say that again, Roshni! You live in your dream world; you have no clue what consequences it would bring down on my family! They will be destroyed!” Seema wiped off her eyes and got up all of a sudden. Roshni looked at her baffled.

“Don't ever say that again!” Seema said with her voice raised and stormed out of the cafe, leaving Roshni with something that would take away her cozy sleep.

“Good communication is as stimulating as black coffee and just as hard to sleep after. ”

- Anne Morrow Lindbergh,
Gift from the Sea

#Coffee Fact

Kopi Luwak, the world's most expensive coffee (up to $600 per pound) has its beans excreted by a Sumatran wild cat!

#Coffee Fact

The name cappuccino comes from the resemblance of the drink to the clothing of the Capuchin monks.

CAFÉ **CONVERSATIONS- III**

- **Arushi** Mathur

K.D uncle sat in the café perusing the morning newspaper. Zahir was staring out from the window sipping his piping hot cuppa.

Minutes later the door flung open and in came Abhijeet, his face brimming with glee.

Abhijeet- “Morning people! Guess what's new?”

K.D Uncle- “What? New pair of shoes?”

Abhijeet- “No.”

Zahir- “Oh! Praise the Lord! Did you finally dump your tattered boxers? The ones with little blue ships on them?”

Abhijeet- “Ha! Dream on!”

K.D Uncle- “Piercing? Umm.. A new tattoo?”

Abhijeet- “God No! My parents would put me up for adoption if I did.”

K.D Uncle chuckled and said “Well then, what is it?”

“My jacket! I bought it yesterday. Pure leather, an exclusive from the fall winter collection by D&G.” said Abhijeet with a wink and a broad smile. He probably copied that from the salesman of the store.

K.D Uncle- “Dolce and Gabbana? Aren't they the million dollar homosexual pair?”

Zahir- “They WERE. They split in 2008. Plus the Italian government does not allow same sex couples the same protection as non homosexuals. However same gender sexual activity between men or women isn't criminal.”

K.D Uncle- “Fortunate enough, not to have been born in India.”

“And what if they were?”, interrupted Abhijeet as he picked up a cookie. “Let's say that in an alternate universe D&G or Dholchand and Ganguram fall for each other. What then?”

“They will have to elope to a whole another time zone! Or else their families will create a hell for them.” answered Zahir.

“Or worse they'd be sacrificed by Khap Panchayats or they will be made to parade on the street, that too NUDE.” said K.D Uncle.

Abhijeet- “It is a concept that people find outrageous and repulsive. They try finding 'cures' for this 'condition', but today, the younger generation and a tiny fraction of their predecessors have different views.”

Zahir- “The Supreme court was of a different opinion though. It has further aggravated the matter by recriminalizing homosexual activity.”

Abhijeet- “It is ridiculous how government agencies, at the state level refuse to provide them services just because of their sexual orientation”

Zahir- “What I fail to comprehend though, is that how can basic human rights of this community be overlooked by the court, just because they are a miniscule fraction of the population? That's equivalent to saying 'Hey, I'm Muslim. Feel free to shoot me in the head anytime!' I thought the constitution stating rights to equality, protection etc applied to each and every homosexual as it does to heterosexuals.”

K.D Uncle- “And what's more, years of hard work put in by the LGBT community have been set back a 100 years because of this decision. This only inhibits the nation's development and beats the whole point of democracy.”

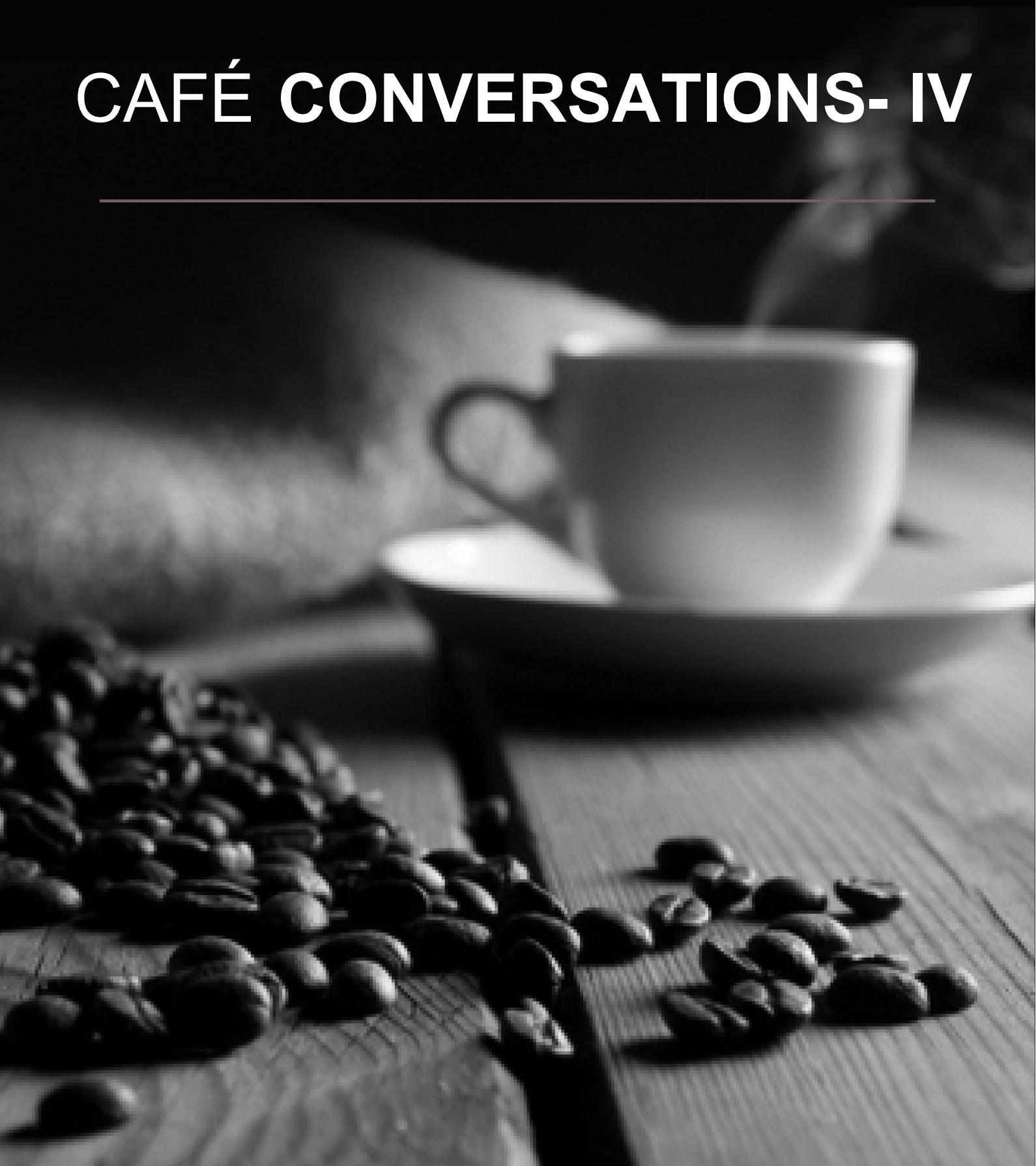
Abhijeet relieved a sigh, “Well gentlemen, 'tis a land of wretched politicos with criminal records like the length of my mum's shopping list. Men with raging libidos may be tolerated, but sensibility and benevolence, most certainly not.”

“The least we can do is be non judgmental and put ourselves in their shoes”, said Zahir as he got up to leave. “Respect them and their choices, right Uncle?”

K.D. Uncle - “Absolutely Son. Absolutely!”

“Let's hope the court finds its common sense before Baba Ramdev's medicinal miracles find them!!” chuckled Abhijeet and they all shared a good laugh at it.

CAFÉ **CONVERSATIONS- IV**



Zahir walked in the cafe to find an evidently miffed Abhijeet gorging on a walnut brownie. He high-fived him and took a seat across the table.

Zahir "What is it? You sounded urgent!"

Abhijeet "I won't say it is urgent, but I am terribly annoyed!"

Zahir gave him a questioning look, asking him to continue. Abhijeet continued in an irritated tone, "You know about my bhabhi, right? She hasn't been able to conceive for so long, and even the doctors have given up on her case now. She has been going through so much mental affliction already, and now my parents want to take her to a tantrik claiming that religious offerings and some rituals might have an answer to it!"

Zahir "That is alright, dude! Let them at least try. There is no harm in that, right?"

Abhijeet "Yeah, right! So you think the tantrik will send her some golden sperm attached in an e-mail, and she will download it into her!"

Zahir laughed as Abhijeet took another bite from his brownie. "And beat this; they want me to accompany them because they want the tantrik to prophesize about my future and suggest some kind of a havan or something!"

Zahir "Abhijeet, you are just blatantly antagonizing them! Why don't you just accompany them?"

Abhijeet "You don't understand, Zahir! They force their beliefs on me. Why can't I just live without following any religion? Why do I have to make friends with the concept of an imaginary power up there? What is with the dogmatism?"

Zahir "Since ages dogmatism has lead to conflict. We are living in a country where we are supposed to inherit religion from our previous generations. We do not have a choice!"

Abhijeet "I want to make a choice on my own! If educated families like yours' and mine harbour such blind faith and fanaticism in such self-proclaimed babas, tantriksand god-men, then I fear that the future of our nation is in serious peril!"

Zahir "This faith runs down too deep in their upbringing, Abhijeet. You can't change it. The most corrupt and immoral people decide to do an offering in a place of worship and believe that their sins have been forgiven. You see my point, right? Religion provides solace to wrong-doers in the perfect sense. It makes them lose their own perspective, imbibes fear in them, and by targeting the weak-hearted, it bring them into believing that they have been forgiven or they are now on the right path! That is how the whole business of religion works."

Abhijeet "But isn't it like swapping from one erroneous thinking to other? I mean, looking at my parents today, I feel like religion has turned them into sheep by eroding their intellect."

"Not just sheep, but sheep that has a lot of money to offer!" chuckled Zahir.

Abhijeet gave him a straight-face. "I mean.. Why can't we stop being such mindless minions? Why can't we teach our children to worship hard work and believe in their own self?"

Zahir "That would be an idealistic situation, buddy and trust me; we are far away from realism as of now!"

Abhijeet "If I believe in a supreme power of God for once, I surely do not want a corrupted third party medium called 'religion' to help me communicate with my God."

Zahir nodded, agreeing sadly. Abhijeet's phone beeped. It was a text message from his mom. It read, "The hard work of the doctors paid off. The London doc says something can be done! Thank God!

TO ME, THE SMELL
OF FRESH MADE
COFFEE IS ONE OF THE
GREATEST INVENTIONS.

-HUGH JACKMAN

Coffee Fact

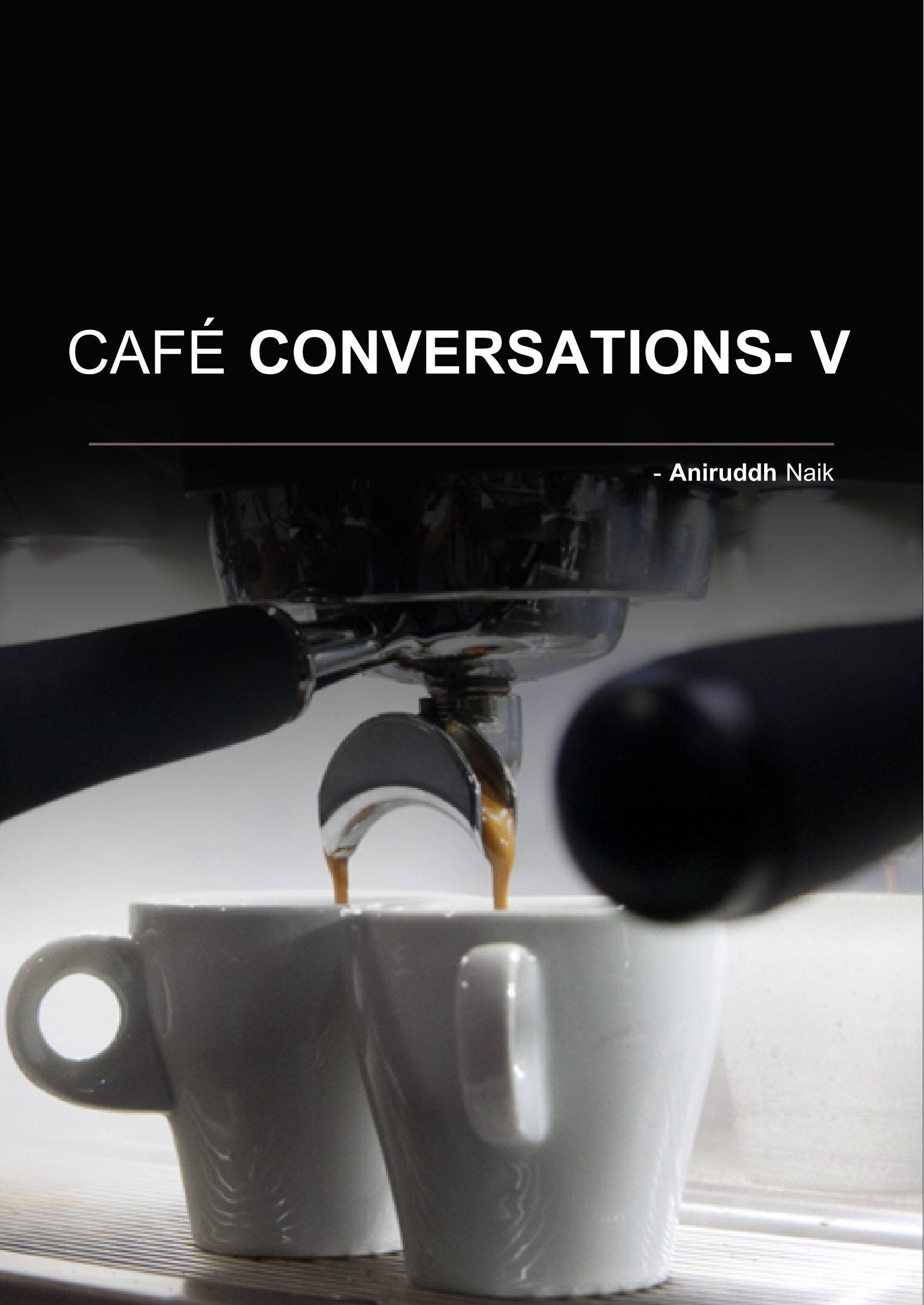
Coffee is the second most traded commodity in the world.

#Coffee Fact

In 1675, the Kind of England banned coffee houses, claiming that they were places where people met to conspire against him.

CAFÉ **CONVERSATIONS- V**

- **Aniruddh** Naik



Ram is 24 years old and like many engineers at this age, he works as a software engineer in an MNC. He has been an average guy all throughout his academic career and realized engineering wasn't his cup of tea if it weren't for his parents, who so longed to own the first engineer in whole family. Since IT doesn't enthrall him at work, it was only natural for him to develop interest in other fields- history in his case.

Shridhar is Ram's good friend; he is naturally talented and his top ranks every year justify his academic excellence. He is pursuing MBA from one of the premier institutes of India after completing his engineering from yet another premier institute. He is an internet freak with majors in Facebook pages dedicated to spread rumors. Supposedly takes everything at face value.

Malti Deshmukh is a lady in her mid-fifties, works as a management consultant and seldom goes to office as she prefers to work from home. She brings vast experience of consulting in almost every field. She is expressive, honest and receptive. She is mother of two daughters and her husband is also a management consultant.

It is Saturday morning and the crowd at café is still weak owing to a weekend holiday. Ram enters the Café and is surprised not to find K.D Uncle available for a refreshing chat. He however finds Malti, charming as usual, sipping a cup of coffee while reading the newspaper. She is distracted and looks mildly surprised, towards Ram, who was well-known in the café but, today he wore a grey colored kurta instead of his sweat shirt and three-fourths.

“Ram, my dear son” she calls him from the table she has occupied and gestures to join her. Ram gets his cup of coffee before responding to Malti's invitation.

“Boy! What's wrong with you? Any function? As far as I reckon we don't have any festival or occasion at least in Hindu tradition during last week of December. So why are you wearing a kurta?”

Ram looks at her with a smiling face, “No” replies calmly before continuing, “I am wearing a kurta because it makes me feel swadeshi and makes me feel like a proud Indian.”

“Whoa! Dude! To feel the pride you don't have to do this posturing. You can still be Indian, wearing your jeans and Flying Machine jacket!” echoed Shridhar's voice from behind who seemed to have overheard the conversation with his tray of coffee and donut. He joins the other two on the table.

“True that Shridhar! Good chilly morning and welcome to the café. It's been a long time since we sat together for a coffee. Correct me if I am wrong, we shared conversations over coffee last month on the topic of gender inequality. That was a great experience guys. I think we have our topic of today…” giggles Malti along with Shridhar.

Shridhar resumes, “On a serious note Ram, you haven't bought you favourite dark-chocolate donut. It is plain coffee you are having today. Has it got something to do with swadeshi?”

Ram smiles again, alternately looks at Shridhar and Malti and says, “Well you can say that. See I will tell you how it started. I anyways have little work to do in office and so I try to read random stuff on the internet. While surfing I stumbled upon this English translation of a Gujurati article originally written by Mahatma Gandhi in 1909 for magazine called Indian Opinion. The name is Hind Swaraj or Home rule movement started during the struggle for independence. My initial thoughts were that it might be boring and I would end up dozing. So mistaken I was! Gandhiji, even in his writings knew how to keep his readers engrossed so that they get the intended meaning of his words. He has briefly shared his thoughts on most of the subjects like passive resistance, Swaraj, education, British rule, the then gripping topic of the day- Modernization. I completed it in 3 hours and by the time I did, a lot changed in my thinking. For once, I truly recognized why he is our Father of Nation.”

Shridhar was quick to respond, “Ram, you must like a few pages on facebook which I suggest. You will understand how selfish and wrong Gandhiji was. I cannot even imagine that he used to sleep naked with his grand-daughters!”

Malti interjects, “That is not the point Ram is trying to make. I can say your point is irrelevant. The point is about his thoughts on certain subjects.”

“But how can we trust such a person? India is plagued by poverty because of his stupid policies like appeasement to Muslims, siding with Pakistan, adopting non-violence movement even when it brought no cheering news. He didn't even support Bhagat Singh. He used to dance on the tunes of British. I can never support these ideals let alone admire him!” argues Shridhar.

Ram nods his head expressing dissent.

“What is your source of information if I am allowed to ask?” questions Ram to which Shridhar replies flaunting his pride more and less faith, “Sources are many- there are facebook pages called True Indian, Patriotic Indian, Mera Bharat Mahan, Mahatma Gandhi- the traitor of India and so on.”

Malti is surprised. She retorts, “Shridhar, ever tried to check authenticity of such pages? You take them at face value? A basic funda in my management consulting profession is always checking my source of information and never blindly buy anything at face value.”

An awkward silence prevails for a few seconds where a reply is expected from Shridhar, but he seems to be lost in introspection of his thoughts which was until now uncontestable.

Malti continues, “Had you read him directly, you might stand in a better position to judge people. The propaganda machine is like a wild fire burning down the whole forest.” Having said that she turns to Ram and asks, “I want to know why Gandhiji asked to sacrifice western clothing.”

“The answer to this question is somewhat pts. simple and complicated: simple because kurta, which was made of khadi then, was a symbol of our innate village economic wisdom. Charkha, as we all are aware of was widely promoted by Gandhiji in his swadeshi movement. But it wasn't started by Gandhiji, he merely revived it which he candidly accepts. Coming to the complicated part, he says, when we keep spinning the yarn and promote khadi production and reciprocate it with khadi usage, we are trying to imbibe the idea of wearing clothes made by my fellow countrymen. This makes him more inclined towards understanding the problems faced by his fellow countrymen and it may prompt him to fight for Home Rule Movement. When he becomes a part of this movement there is a sense of commonness with respect to clothing, which can directly be observed as all are wearing khadi. This makes him realize that no matter how much he differs with others' views, he must fight for common cause; they are united and equal so as to not let any perceptions malign the main cause.”

Shridhar says, “Interesting man! This kind of marketing is what we learn in B-Schools; quite an impressive way to lure people by finding the resonating frequency with others in the team despite of differences. I think I must improve my understanding by reading more about him.”

Malti adds, “And he was only a Barrister… It is more than what I have learnt in my management consulting over the years. So now tell me what he has to say about modernization Ram?”

Shridhar interjects, “Sorry madam, just one question. Ram, what for are you wearing kurta then? He did it for our independence but you don't have any cause?”

Ram calmly replies, “Good question; something I asked myself after I decided to wear khadi. My understanding is we are independent from colonization, but our thoughts are yet to seek freedom. We think progressing in life is having a 20% hike in salary every year, climbing up the ladder of corporate hierarchy to buy a more expensive car, duplex and properties, to

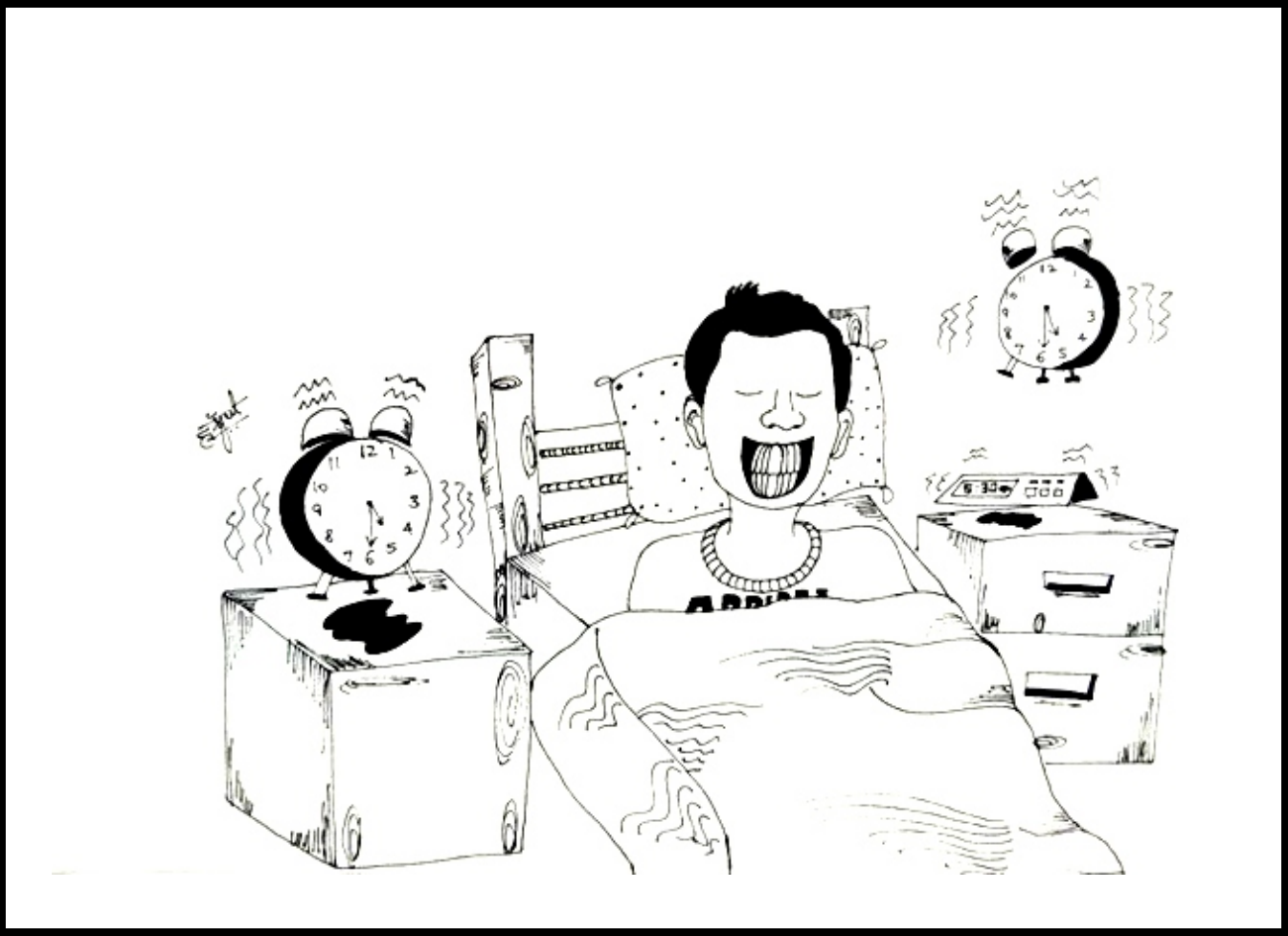
holiday in expensive resorts, to pay hefty amounts to buy material peace. We are not wrong to think this way because we have been constantly fed that this is how modern world works. This is what the word 'modern' brings you- more peace by adding fuel to your desire to crave for more. Gandhiji said our forefathers realized that material peace is ephemeral while simplicity is eternal. Progressing in life is investing more in gaining knowledge and not in gaining wealth. Our needs definitely outrun our wants, which is quite unnecessary."

Malti raises her eyebrows in disbelief, "Ram, honestly I am glad that at such young age you have come across this book. Over the time in my professional career, not only I but almost everyone I know have only fought for one thing: money. Whatever we did was for money, which gave us the status, we kept amassing hence knowledge, but it was only to earn more money, more status and hence more luxury."

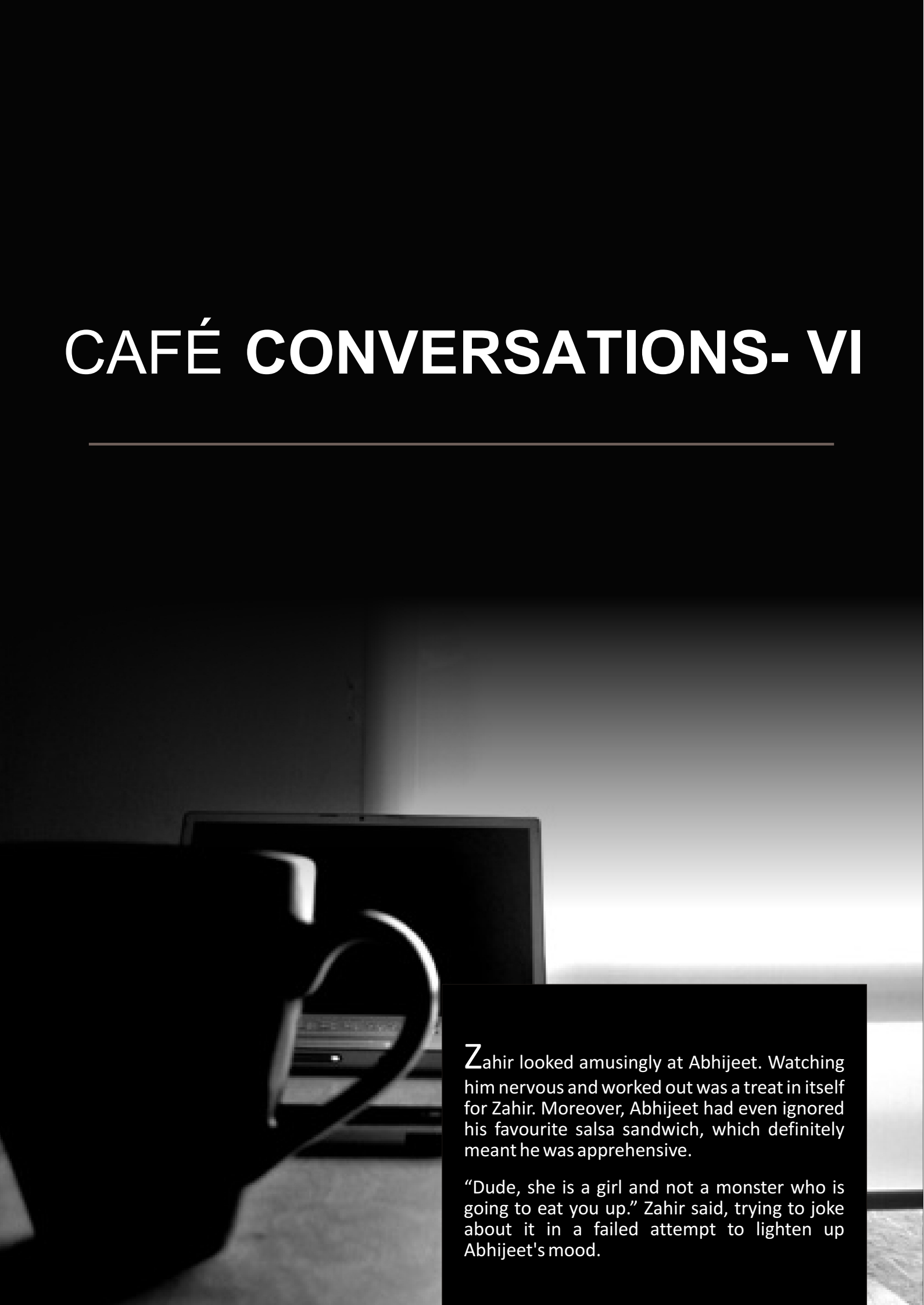
Shridhar contributes, "It made me introspect my own opinions Ram! I cannot assure myself of simplistic life but one thing I can assure of, is from now I would not buy anything at face value and check the authenticity before blindly submitting myself to specious news."

Ram smiles to both and gulps down the last sip of his coffee from the mug as he gets up to leave and speaks, "Thank you for the patience guys. It was indeed an important coffee conversation. Let's hope to make more of these in coming days."

Shridhar and Malti nod their heads in agreement.



CAFÉ **CONVERSATIONS- VI**



Zahir looked amusingly at Abhijeet. Watching him nervous and worked out was a treat in itself for Zahir. Moreover, Abhijeet had even ignored his favourite salsa sandwich, which definitely meant he was apprehensive.

“Dude, she is a girl and not a monster who is going to eat you up.” Zahir said, trying to joke about it in a failed attempt to lighten up Abhijeet's mood.

Abhijeet - “I am meeting her for the first time Zahir! We never actually talked after school.”

Zahir “So you mean, in school she was a normal girl and now she is some gothic creepy creature?”

“It is not funny. You know we did not interact much even in school. This whole idea of 'catching up' on Facebook was an idiocy.” Abhijeet said putting his face in his palms, almost panting.

Zahir “You are hyperventilating. Look at you, it is just a date and c'mon, let us go into the realms of history, and you will find that you have had many!”

Abhijeet “This is different! This is freaking different! And Tanya, she is... she is... Different.”

Zahir “And that is the only word the language of English has different! Weird and cramped language, this English is!”

Abhijeet “English! Yeah! She is even an English honour! How the hell am I ever going to talk to her?”

“So she has a degree! Big deal, you are also quite okay, buddy!” Zahir said laughing and patting Abhijeet's back.

“I might have something for the young lad, other than just luscious dishes today!” K.D. Uncle's voice filled the quiet and relatively less crowded ambience of the Cafe. “Ah! Those good old dating days!”

Abhijeet “Anything would help, Uncle! I am sincerely hoping that this one goes ahead. She is the girl right out of my dreams! She is even a Classical singer!”

Zahir “Dude, will you stop running her advertisement campaign around here already?”

K.D. Uncle “It's alright Zahir. I can understand. So my boy Abhijeet, I will tell you three things that will help you cruise through this as smoothly as a speed boat.”

Abhijeet sat straight, listening to every bit of word escaping K.D. Uncle's mouth, who continued like a saint.

“First and foremost, make her laugh! And for that, follow the basic marketing principle of 'Know you audience'. You need to know what kind of a person she is, her background, her character and her likes and dislikes before you attempt to be jocular. You don't want to crack jokes that might offend her!”

K.D. Uncle paused to take a sip from his cup of tea. Abhijeet looked at him impatiently while Zahir enjoyed the whole scene.

“Don't ever go for those lame lines, that I will call the 'attraction killers'.”

Abhijeet “Attraction killers?”

K.D. Uncle “The questions that reek of desperation 'do you think we are a good match', 'do you like me' etc. Avoid these attraction killers on the first date. They just create an awkward void and nothing else!”

Abhijeet “So, what's the third?”

K.D. Uncle “Third one is the simple vintage advice be sensitive and caring towards the girl, or any girl for that matter, and who have the way to her heart! Be chivalrous, open doors for her, whisper in her ear, make soft but effective gestures, try to keep her happy... and still remember, that she wants a man in her life, so don't be supplicating!”

Zahir “How are you so sure that these will work, Uncle?”

“Let us just say Zahir that my wounds have become wisdom.” K.D. Uncle winked and got up, thus maintaining the secrecy about his personal life.

Abhijeet was deep in thought, thinking about implementing K.D. Uncle's advice on his date which was in an hour. As K.D. Uncle walked towards the counter, he suddenly stopped and turned.

“And Abhijeet, one bonus advice for you...”

Abhijeet looked up like a knowledge-hungry child.

“Good cologne won't be a bad idea!”

I have measured out my

Life With Coffee Spoons.

-T. S. Eliot

Coffee
is a Language
in itself.

-Jackie Chan

CAFÉ **CONVERSATIONS- VII**

Abhijeet walked in with Tanya, his new girlfriend. Zahir got up in surprise almost spilling the coffee he was having. He had messaged Abhijeet to join him at the cafe, but he did not know he would be accompanied. Zahir shook hands with Tanya and offered her a seat.

Zahir "Eh! So how was the da--

Abhijeet gave a strong stare at Zahir which could have burned him down. "I mean, how was the hang out?"

Tanya "It was fun! We went around the city in Abhijeet's car, and your friend sings so well, Zahir!" She went redder than the tomato ketchup on the table.

Zahir "I know! Preeti used to say that too! Alas, I never get to hear that amazing voice."

This time Abhijeet's stare was deadly. Zahir realized that he had said something wrong. An air of discomfort and silence swept in.

Abhijeet "Umm... So Tanya, what would you like to eat? Walnut brownie, I am sure!"

"I need to use the washroom, Abhijeet. I will be back." Tanya said, a little colder and walked away.

"What the..." Abhijeet almost screamed, but then controlled his anger. "What is wrong with you dude?"

Zahir "You bring girls to meet me and then don't tell me what to say and what not beforehand!"

Abhijeet "There is some common sense too. I anticipated that the school topper and university gold medallist would have that imbibed sense!"

Zahir "I am almost handicapped when it comes to all this! You know that! And above all, why would you not tell her about your past?"

Abhijeet "It has been 15 days, Zahir. And I have dated sixteen girls. You expect a girl to understand that!"

Zahir "The last thing I remember you saying was that you think this will go ahead, and you might be serious about Tanya. Don't you think she deserves to know?"

Abhijeet "Zahir, I don't care about my past. I don't think it's important for her to know about my past, if she has to spend her future with me. If I carry the bricks of my past, I will end up building the same house!"

Zahir "You just broke up 40 days back, damn it! You talk about your past like it was ages back!"

Abhijeet "Listen Zahir, I will handle it my way. I will tell her at the right time if I have to..."

Zahir "Yeah dude! The right time would be when she is already head over heels for you. Abhijeet you are building a relationship of deceit."

Abhijeet "Ha! Look who is talking! The guy who never wooed a single girl is telling me to build a relationship. Dude she must be on her way back from the washroom, so just keep mum about it, alright?"

Zahir looked stunned. His best friend had never spoken to him life that. It was too much insult for a single day. Zahir's self respect was deeply pinched.

As Tanya walked back towards the table from the washroom, Zahir just got up and decided to leave not turning back even once.

All write-ups, cartoons, and other creative work on **www.cafeconversations.in** and this e-book are the original property of Cafe Conversations and the team members. Copyright laws and Intellectual property rights protect the creative work and prohibit the reproduction and/or use of the same for any purpose, reproduction, commercial or otherwise, without our consent or without due credits. The same will be charges as plagiarism. Contact Us for permissions.